13.

TO

The Learned and Worthy

ARTIST

Mr. Grinsted Gibbons.

on his Carving ye King's Statue.

SIR,

IT was not out of a presumption that these poor Lines could adde any thing to the Glories you have atchieved in the carving of that Matchless Statue of his Majesty, that incited me to lay them at your feet; since you have done that in Symmetry, beyond what Verse is able to shew. The Cadencies of it cannot run so smooth, as your hand has done, in the polishing of that admired Figure; nor do I expect they should any more affect you, than the best of the School-Harangues should the intent Phidias *while he was cutting his* Minerva *at* Athens, *or the Warlike* Games *while he was forming his Olympick* Jupiter *at* Elis. *No, Sir, it was not out of any such Consideration that I took the boldness to attempt the celebrating of your Name, but out of the charitable opinion you might put upon it, that any person who reveres his Prince, must necessarily have a peculiar regard for you; since you have in a more than ordinary method endeavoured to immortalize his Name: which nothing but his own Heroick Acts, Clemency, and Vertues could exceed. They indeed will shine when Time shall be no more, and Marble crumble into dust, outlive History; and while Mankind is upon Earth, though Letters be lost, be transmitted in a solemn and exemplary Tradition, so long as the Globe endures. But you have done as far as Art can do, and your Name at the bottom will be of more esteem than when on the ancient Pictures and Statues was subscrib'd,* Titianus fecit, *or* Ephidias ~~fecit~~.

In striving thus to Eternize that of your Prince, you have at the same time perpetuated your own; and in a Politick method, with reverence to the Simile, have as it were in such a manner ingrafted your self into Royalty, that while the Majestick Figure lasts, your own Name will be recorded with it; and Posterity left, whilst by the God-like Air it admires the one, to pay a due respect to the other, for the kindness of so grateful a Memoire.

This Noble Product of yours, methinks, admits of another Nicety too; it is a production of the Brain more than the Hand, as that of Pallas *was from* Jupiter's: *Whence could be else that extraordinary* Pathos *that it strikes even but a common Spectator withal? The dullest Peasant is affected, though he knows not why; and it touches upon all but the disaffected: and I have that charity to think that it may hit there too, upon the account of Remorse, and at length proceed to that of a dutiful Reverence; and* Janus-*like, conduct both ways to the Paths of Peace.*

Thus

Thus you act the Statuary and the Orator at the same time, and write a Treatise of the Passions in a Marble-book. Speak to me that I may see thee, *says the Philosopher*: *but*, Look upon this, and it will speak to thee, *says the Carver. Look upon this Royal Figure, and who will not be stedfast in his Loyalty? Look upon this, ye disobedient, and who again dare rebel? A soft, yet powerful Voice seems to issue from it, that cheerfully encourages the one, and formidably deters the other.*

Neither does your Talent lie this way alone, in the raising of the Passions, but you instruct well-nigh the whole learned World, the better Series of Mankind. The exquisite Anatomist may come to you for instructions, and find a Treatise of the Muscles, beyond what their Books or Lectures can instruct them in. Nay, the exact Physiognomist and the most subtle Palmist may follow, to borrow his bigger and more noted lines, and appear better satisfied than in all the abstruse Notions that have hitherto been wrote on that subject.

Thus you sit enthron'd at the head of all the Mechanical, and almost the Political Arts: for there is a great part of them interwoven amongst it. But how you have amounted to this height, by what degrees, it is beyond my Province to trace. You must certainly have had towards the composition of this, the strength of Fancie, frank Facility, conception of the Passions, the comely Dimensions, Invention, and Grace of all your Predecessors; and have work'd it up not onely Con Diligenza, (*as the* Italians *phrase it*) *but* Con Studio, Con Amore: *Not with an ordinary Judgment, but with a studied and a loving one, as being in such a kind of a Rapture and extasie as heighten'd the Proportions, and you your self as it were disembodied.*

But I go beyond my Sphere, and beg my pardon for having diverted so great an Artist from those obliging Strokes the World still expects to be gratified by. But this is your happiness, that you can never leave a greater Expectation than what you are able to perform; and evading the Saying of that great Roman Orator, Indulge the most ingenious Fancy in what they are capable to give but a rude draught of, and heighten it so far above their wishes, that they shall scarce know it to be their own.

SIR,

I am

Your Friend and Servant

to command,

SAM. PHILIPPS.

On

On Mr. *Gibbons* his carving the

Matchleſs Statue of the King

Erected in the middle of the *Royal Exchange*.

DEep in the Boſom of the *Paphian* Iſle,
Where more peculiarly the Sun does ſmile,
There lay a Marble-quarry white as Snow,
On which he thick his piercing Rays did throw,
And in more ample ſort his nobler heats beſtow.
A part of this, from many a Marble more
Of different ſorts that were kept up in ſtore,
Skill'd *GIBBONS* choſe; it was a lovely Stone,
And fit for ſuch a Hand to work upon:
Fit (as a Stone could be) the Badge to wear
Of *England*'s Monarch, and his Image bear.
By all the Planets tinctur'd, that we find
To favour Greatneſs, and to Princes kind:
But chiefly influenc'd by that which ſhone,
And at his birth appear'd, at Noon-days Sun.
Of that it ſtrongly did the power feel,
And by't was made more pliant to the Steel.
Thus ting'd from Heaven, 'tis virtually bred
A Taliſman, or ſtone conſtellated;
Which when ſet up, the Nations Wounds ſhall heal,
As the Braſs Serpent thoſe of *Iſrael*.
A Stone which will do many a wondrous thing,
When once ſtamp'd with the likeneſs of a King.

This to himſelf the learned Artiſt ſpoke,
And did foretel, ere once he gave a ſtroke.
And now, as in deep Trance, or deeper Thought,
He hunts the fair Idea's that are wrought
Around the Cells of his well-temper'd Brain,
For Figures Royal of a Noble ſtrain.
The Features there and forms of things lie hid
In order, as in Natures pregnant Bed.
He prays his Guardian-Genius would prove kind,
And Shapes Majeſtick offer to his mind.
He heard, and skilfully did for him frame
A bright Idea, and with force it came:
And ſoon throughout its Plaſtick power diſplays,
Round the whole Maſs its Energy conveys.
Each Joynt it works on, and each Tendon ſmall,
And guides his hand, at e'ry ſtroke let fall.

Thus

Thus aided as he wrought, it ſhap'd apace,
And e'ry motion gave a novel Grace.
From its firſt form ſtill as the Marble roſe,
And heightned up, and did freſh Airs diſcloſe,
The Artiſt poliſh'd with a trembling hand,
And did in awe of the Great Figure ſtand.
In Wonder wrapt at his own Products now,
Himſelf had like to'ave turn'd to Marble too.
He ſweat as that leſt any wayward ſtroke
Should break the meaſures in his mind he took.
Proceeding on with reverential fear,
To finiſh up its Regal Character;
At length he gives the main ſtrokes he intends,
And from his hands th' amazing Figure ſends.

With what Auguſt and what Majeſtick meen,
Becoming ſuch a Monarch, is it ſeen!
How vivid does it look! how aptly fit
The Royal Garb; the Joynts how firmly knit!
The well-wrought Muſcles how they aptly ſwell,
And by their riſe their ſpringie Tendons tell!
How duely plac'd is e'ry branching Vein!
'Twould bear the teſt of wary *Bartholine*.
What Royal Vigour is throughout diſplay'd!
How artfully, yet wonderfully made!
A Kingly Symmetry each part does ſhow,
And an Heroick Air around does flow.
It does outdo old *Memnon*'s Royal Shrine,
And is harmonious, though the Sun not ſhine,

And now the well-carv'd Baſis does await
The Glories to receive of its great fraight.
With ſuch Exactneſs carv'd, and a nice Care,
As holy Nuns embroider Books for Pray'r:
Or ſacred Hermits, when with fear and awe,
Their Patron-Saints with trembling quills they draw.
'Tis fixt: from its four quarters Angels ſound
Their joyful Trumps; the Area does rebound.

Thus having finiſh'd this his Grand Deſigne,
He claps his hands, and does i'th' Chorus joyn;
Leaving the crowd of Artiſts that come near,
To gaze, to wiſh, admire, and to deſpair.

Sam. Philipps.

FINIS.

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